MONSTERS, VAMPIRES, ALIENS!

FRIGHT NIGHT™

3-D

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He'll be waiting for you in the Fun House.

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FRIGHT NIGHT

TONIGHT, WE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU VIA 1969. IT WAS ONCE CALLED THE MOST DISTURBING FILM OF IT'S TIME...

... AND IT WON A FEW PRESTIGIOUS FILM AWARDS, THE NAMES OF WHICH I CANNOT REMEMBER.

THIS MOTION PICTURE STARS NONE OTHER THAN YOURS TRULY--

--PETER VINCENT.

LIVE AND DEATH

I WORK HERE PART TIME 'CAUSE I NEED THE MONEY. I WORK HERE PART TIME 'CAUSE I NEED THE MONEY.

TIDEPOOL FILMS PRESENTS

YO, DIP-WAD, TURN THE NEWS ON.

HUH?!

OH, SURE. HEY! I KNOW THE STAR OF THIS FLICK!

PETER VINCENT IN--

YEAH, RIGHT. AND I GOT A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

JUST GIMME A BEER.

MEANWHILE AT NATALIA'S APARTMENT...

PETER VINCENT IN

YOU KNOW, THIS'LL BE MY FIRST PETER VINCENT FILM.

LOOKS NEAT. I LIKE THESE SIXTIES HORROR FILMS.

ELSEWHERE...

C'MON EDDIE, THE MOVIE'S ON. IT STARS PETER VINCENT.

GRRRR!

WHY DOES HE HAUNT ME EVERY-WHERE I GO?

I DON'T LIKE HIM, OR HIS MOVIES. BESIDES, I'VE GOT SOME ACCOUNTS TO LOOK INTO-- I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT NEW CLUB ACROSS THE STREET.

THE YUKKY DEAD III

PSYCHEDELIC DEATH? GIMME A BREAK!

C'MON, DANA. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THIS? IT'S A CLASSIC!

IN AN OFFICE ACROSS TOWN...

...SOMEONE ELSE IS WATCHING THE MOVIE, TOO.

PSYCHEDELIC DEATH

AH, PSYCHEDELIC DEATH. MY COMMERCIAL WILL AIR SEVERAL TIMES DURING THIS PROGRAM.

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APARTMENT 3-D

PHILLIP... PHILLIP!

YOU CALLED, S-SIR?

YES, I DID. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU FOUND THE $100,000 THAT WAS MISSING FROM THE BOOKS.

N-NO, S-SIR. NOT YET. I NEED MORE TIME...

IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS, PHILLIP.

YOU ARE NOT PERFORMING YOUR DUTIES ADEQUATELY.

I-I... Y-YES I AM, SIR. I...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO EMPLOYEES WHO ARE NOT PERFORMING, PHILLIP?

OH, MY GOD... NO...

THEY'RE =TEE HEE= TERMINATED, PHILLIP.

YOU ARE TERMINATED AS OF RIGHT NOW.

AAAAAAAAAAAAHH!!!

IT'S A SHAME YOU WON'T BE SPENDING THE MONEY IN BERMUDA AS YOU'D PLANNED.

WHAT HAPPENED, BOSS?

NO NEED TO WORRY.

I'M AFRAID THAT DEAR PHILLIP JUST EXPERIENCED SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. DREADFUL.

PLEASE TAKE HIS SHOES AND GLASSES TO HIS WIFE WITH MY CONDOLENCES.

SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE WAR MONGERS--

AND THE POLITICAL MONGERS!

LOVE! PEACE! WAR

PEACE AND LOVE FOREVER!

BACK AT DEREK'S JOB...

BOY, PETER SURE LOOKS GOOFY WITH THOSE ELVIS SIDEBURNS!

JONES!! ARE YOU WATCHING TELEVISION ON MY TIME?

B-B-BUT I...

LISTEN, YOU OBNOXIOUS LITTLE TWERP, GET THE JOB DONE--

--AND GET OUT! I DON'T LIKE YOU HANG-ING AROUND. GOT IT?

HOLD IT, JONES!

YES, SIR!

ELECT A GOVERNOR WITH PRESENCE--

--WITH POLITICAL EXPERIENCE--

JEEZ, THIS GUY'S WEIRD. TURN **OFF** THE TV, LEAVE IT **ON**. HMMMM. I'LL BET HE'S A VAMPIRE.

--AND THE CLOUT TO CLEAN UP OUR AIR, OUR WATER--

--AND THE **HOLLY-WOOD POLITICIANS** WHO ONLY WORRY ABOUT HOW THEIR HAIR LOOKS ON POSTERS! THESE PEOPLE DON'T CARE ABOUT **YOU**, THE VOTER. THEY ONLY CARE ABOUT THEIR NEXT STEP UP THE FINAN-CIAL LADDER. I WANT YOU TO VOTE FOR **ME** SO WE CAN MAKE CALIFORNIA KNOWN FOR MORE THAN **WINE COOLERS** AND **MOVIE** STARS!

FOR A BIGGER AND BETTER CALIFORNIA, VOTE FOR JOHN SMYTHE.

HA! HAR! HA! HA! MY KINDA GUY! HA! HAR! HA!

OKAY, JONES, CLEAN UP AND CLOSE THE PLACE **NOW**--

I WORK HERE PART TIME 'CAUSE I NEED THE MONEY. I WORK HERE PART TIME 'CAUSE... I... AAAAARRGHH!!

OR YOU'LL BE SCRAPING THE **STAINS** OFF THE **BATHROOM FLOOR!**

BACK AT NATALIA'S APARTMENT...

YOU'RE A DOLL, NATALIA.

THANKS, CHARLEY. YOU'RE JUST FULL OF COMPLIMENTS TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

I CAN'T HELP MY-SELF. YOU'RE WONDER-FUL COMPANY.

POPCORN?

AAHHH...

I HAVE THIS FEELING SOMEONE'S WATCHING ME.

HUH?

OH! THE MOVIE'S BACK ON!

?!!

NATALIA--

SSHHH.

SIGH

THIS IS REALLY WEIRD, MAN. I CAN'T SHAKE THIS FEELING THAT I'M BEING WATCHED.

HUH? WHO'S THERE?

OH, MAN, I'M TOTALLY FREAKING OUT.

MUST BE ONE OF THOSE FLASHBACKS THEY'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT.

WELCOME

STILL, IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS.

HUH?

OH, NO. I'M NOT FALLING FOR THAT AGAIN. GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER, MAN. THIS IS REALITY, AND THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS--

--AS SPOOKS.

Peeeeeeeeeerrr!

OH, MAN...

OH, JEEZ. I SEE IT, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

MUST BE A BAD TRIP.

I'LL NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER EXPERIMENTAL, MIND-ALTERING SUBSTANCE AGAIN!

GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF. YOU'RE DREAMING. YOU'LL WAKE UP SOON.

QUIT BEING GOOFY, MAN. YOU'RE A PSYCH MAJOR.

MAYBE THAT VISION WAS...

...AN ANGEL!?

Petteeeerrrrr

OH, MAN! THAT WAS TOO WEIRD! THEY'VE COME FOR ME! I'M GONNA DIE!

AAAHHHH!! I HAVEN'T EVEN GRADUATED YET!

LATER...

A BRAIN-SUCKING ALIEN? THE DEVIL? A JOKE? VENUS? OH MAN, I GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP. I'M GETTING A HEADACHE.

IF IT'S MY TIME, GROOVY...

HENDRIX

...I WON'T HAVE TO STUDY FOR THE EXAM NEXT WEEK.

WHAT'S THAT GLITTERING?

OH MAN!!!

LEAVE ME ALONE!

THIS HAS TO BE A FLASHBACK.

I'LL JUST CATCH THE NEWS.

DAMN, I MISSED IT. IT'S THE LATE SHOW.

HMMM. I THINK I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE.

EVEN LATER AS PETER BEGINS TO DREAM.

mmmmmmm...

ALRIGHT, TROOPS. WE ARE HERE TO KILL THE ENEMY.

YOU ARE NOW PARTS OF A GIANT KILLING MACHINE.

IT'S EITHER **THEM OR US**, OUR WIVES, OR THEIRS, OUR CHILDREN OR THEIRS! DO YOU WANT THE NAZI FLAG WAVING ON YOUR PORCH ON FLAG DAY?????!!! OF COURSE YOU DON'T! SO GO OUT THERE AND KILL KILL KILL!

AND REMEMBER: FORGET WHAT YOUR RELIGION SAYS— DO THIS FOR YOUR COUNTRY!

GO GET 'EM! GO, GO, GO!!

DO THIS FOR YOUR COUNTRY!!

GO GET 'EM! GO, GO, GO, GO!!

KA-BOOM!!

WHA--?!

ARE YOU NAZI PIGS?!

ALRIGHT, TROOPS, WE'RE HERE TO--

SAVE IT, PETER PATTON. WE DON'T DIG THAT, MAN!

BURP

QUE PASA?

NO, MAN. WE'RE AS AMERICAN AS BASEBALL AND APPLE PIE, BUT WE DON'T DIG YOUR TRIPS. "THOU SHALT NOT KILL," YA KNOW?

I SAY, GIT IN THERE AND KILL THOSE NAZIS!

FUNNY, I ALWAYS PICTURED GOD TO LOOK MORE LIKE RODDY McDOWELL IN A TUX.

YOU'LL DO IT OR I'LL KILL YOU!

GO FOR IT, MAN. TAKE A TASTE OF IT.

OH, MAN, ARE **YOU** LIVING IN THE PAST. THERE ARE NO NAZIS. THIS IS A WAR AGAINST COMMUNISM.

NAZIS, COMMIES-- THEY'RE ALL THE SAME!

YOU'LL KILL BECAUSE I TELL YOU TO KILL!

LOOK, MAN. IF THEY DON'T BREAK DOWN MY DOOR AND HURT MY FAMILY, I AIN'T KILLING. DIG IT, OLD MAN?

YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU HIPPIE FREAK.

READY! AIM!

BANG!

AAAAAHHH!

OH, MAN! IF I HAVE THAT DREAM ONE MORE TIME--

--I'M GONNA SEE A SHRINK.

I DO NOT LIKE WAR!

HEY, THAT'S LYNN!

A MOMENT LATER...

GUESS WHO?

KIRK BENNET!

WHO?

THIS REALLY GROOVY LOOKING ACTOR WHO PLAYS THIS ACCOUNTANT IN--

OH, A MOVIE STAR. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE THE "OTHER GUY."

A GIRL CAN ALWAYS WISH.

FUNNY. VERY FUNNY.

YOU DON'T SEEM YOURSELF, PETE. YOU HAD THAT DREAM AGAIN?

YEAH MAN, IT SEEMED SO **REAL**. IT'S SCARY.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE

OH, PETE, HONESTLY. WORRYING ABOUT A DREAM WHERE YOU'RE PATTON IS SO UNLIKE YOU. YOU'RE MISTER PEACE, LOVE, AND TOGETHERNESS.

THANKS. I NEEDED SOME REASSURANCE. MY MIND'S BEEN PLAYING THESE TRICKS--

WHAAAA....?

HEY!

SORRY. ER -- I JUST REMEMBERED I'VE GOT THIS GREAT WINE AT MY PAD. YOU GOTTA TRY IT!

LATER...

WOW, MAN. LYNN MUST HAVE GOT TIRED.

I GUESS I'LL TAKE A NAP.

I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS SCENE -- OR MAYBE IT'S GETTING TOO OLD FOR ME.

OH, WOW. THE COLORS...

YOU'RE A COMMIE PIG! YOU DON'T DESERVE TO STAND ON AMERICAN SOIL, YOU HIPPIE FREAK!

I'M TELLING YOU FOR THE VERY LAST TIME, SOLDIER! KILL OR DIE!!

ALRIGHT. SAY GOODBYE, HIPPIE FREAK!

W-WAIT!

HUH? THAT TIME THE DREAM WAS DIFFERENT.

LYNN'S GONE.

OH, MAN! I SLEPT ALL DAY! IT'S ALMOST FOUR A.M.

I WONDER WHY LYNN DIDN'T WAKE ME...

HUH? WHAT?!

Peeettteerr...

LYNN?

HOW...?

IT'S EEEASSY Peettteerr...

Coommeee...

I'M DREAMING.

MY DEAR PETER...

WHA--?!

YARRGH!

GET AWAY! ARRGGHH!

DARKNESS...

...TO LIGHT...

AAAAHHHHHHH!

OH! ARE YOU ALRIGHT, DEAR?

I-IT WAS SO REAL...

ANOTHER NIGHTMARE, DEAR?

THE PROTESTS, THE GIRL...

GIRL?

I HAD LONG HAIR. I WAS WEARING BELL-BOTTOMS. AND THE ALIEN MONSTER!

HONESTLY, DEAR, ARE YOU OKAY?

IT WAS SO REAL.

STOP THE U.S. INTERESTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA NOW!

MISSLE LAUNCH

TELEVISION

...WE'LL BE BACK WITH THE RETURN OF THE MINI-SKIRT AND OTHER NEWS AFTER THESE MESSAGES.

COME BACK TO BED, DEAR. I'M SURE THE TV JUST CARRIED THAT WILD IMAGINATION OF YOURS AWAY.

BOY, WOULD THE PRESS LOVE THIS--THE PRESIDENT WAS A HIPPIE WHO HUNG AROUND WITH ALIEN MONSTERS IN A FORMER LIFE.

FRONT PAGE MATERIAL, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, LOVE?

BORING.

THIS IS GETTING VERY MONOTONOUS AND REPETITIVE.

YEAH.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE JUST BLOW UP THE UNIVERSE AND CREATE A NEW ONE-- YOU KNOW, START FRESH?

COOL.

AND THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS PSYCHEDELIC DEATH.

--ZZZZZZZZZ--

NOW, DIDN'T THAT JUST GIVE YOU THE WILLIES?

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT...

I KNOW. IT WAS A NEAT FLICK.

THIS IS PETER VINCENT, THE GREAT VAMPIRE KILLER, SAYING...

...HAVE A FRIGHT NIGHT!

'NIGHT, PETER. NOW I CAN SPLIT.

I SHOULD REALLY GET MY TV FIXED.

WHO--?!

YOU'RE STILL HERE?!

I TOLD YOU TO FINISH UP AND LEAVE!

I SWEAR THIS GUY'S A VAMPIRE--- HE'S SO CREEPY.

I KNOW! I'LL JUST SEE IF HE HAS A REFLECTION!

HEY! DID YOU HEAR ME?!

HMMM.

I TOLD YOU I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE HANG-ING AROUND MY PLACE! CLEAN UP AND LEAVE, NOW!!

OH MY GOD...

MY BOSS ISN'T A VAMPIRE-- HE'S AN ALIEN JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIE!

HEY! DON'T YOU LISTEN WHEN I'M TALKIN' TO YOU?!

HEY!

HUH? OH, Y-YEAH... I MEAN, YES, SIR!

CRASH!!

THAT GLASS'LL COME OUT OF YOUR NEXT CHECK!

YOU KNOW, DEREK, YOU'RE A REAL TWERP. YOUR KIND MAKES ME SICK!!

YES, SIR.

HE LOOKS NORMAL WHEN I LOOK AT HIM, BUT...

ALWAYS LOOKIN' FOR A FREE RIDE! CLEAN UP THAT MESS!

WHEN I CAME TO THIS PLANET--

--I MEAN COUNTRY, I HAD NOTHIN' BUT THE SHIRT ON MY BACK!!

OH, GOD.

Y-YES, SIR..

YES SIR WHAT? LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF.

GO HOME.

UH.... YES, SIR.

IF YOU'RE STILL HERE IN FIVE MINUTES, YOU'RE HISTORY!

GOT IT??

FIRST JOB I EVER HAD, I WORKED FOR AN **AXE MURDERER**.

PRIVATE

THE SECOND BOSS I HAD HAPPENED TO BE A **VAMPIRE**.*

*FRIGHT NIGHT #8 AND #9

NOW I WORK FOR AN **ALIEN MONSTER**.

AND PEOPLE THINK THAT THE JAPANESE RUN THE WORLD...

AT THE AGE OF TWENTY, DEREK THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL.

HIS MOTHER LAUGHED AT HIM, AND AS POLITELY AS SHE COULD, INFORMED HIM THAT HE WAS TRULY A **MORON.**

SINCE THEN, HE'S GOTTEN A LITTLE OLDER, GONE OUT ON HIS OWN, MET PETER VINCENT - ONE OF HIS HEROES --

BUMPED INTO A FEW **VAMPIRES** --

--AND NOW HE'S SURE THAT HIS BOSS LENNIE IS AN ALIEN MONSTER.

WHY ARE MOTHERS ALWAYS RIGHT?

WHAT A POOR EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING.

IT'S A WONDER THE BOY HASN'T WALKED IN FRONT OF A TRUCK.

HUMAN BEINGS ARE SO WIMPY.

IT WILL BE A MOST SIMPLE TASK TO TAKE OVER THIS RIDICULOUS PLANET--

--AS JOHN SMYTHE--

--GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA!

SOON I'LL BE PRESIDENT!

HIYA, BOSS.

YOUR PRESS AGENT CALLED. SAYS IT'S URGENT.

NEXT TIME THAT WORM CALLS, TELL HIM TO DROP DEAD.

ER... YES SIR.

NOW GET OUT OF HERE. I WANT TO BE ALONE.

YES, SIR.

DAMN THAT DEREK. KEEPING ME THERE FOR SO LONG HAS DRASTICALLY DRAINED MY BATTERY ENERGY.

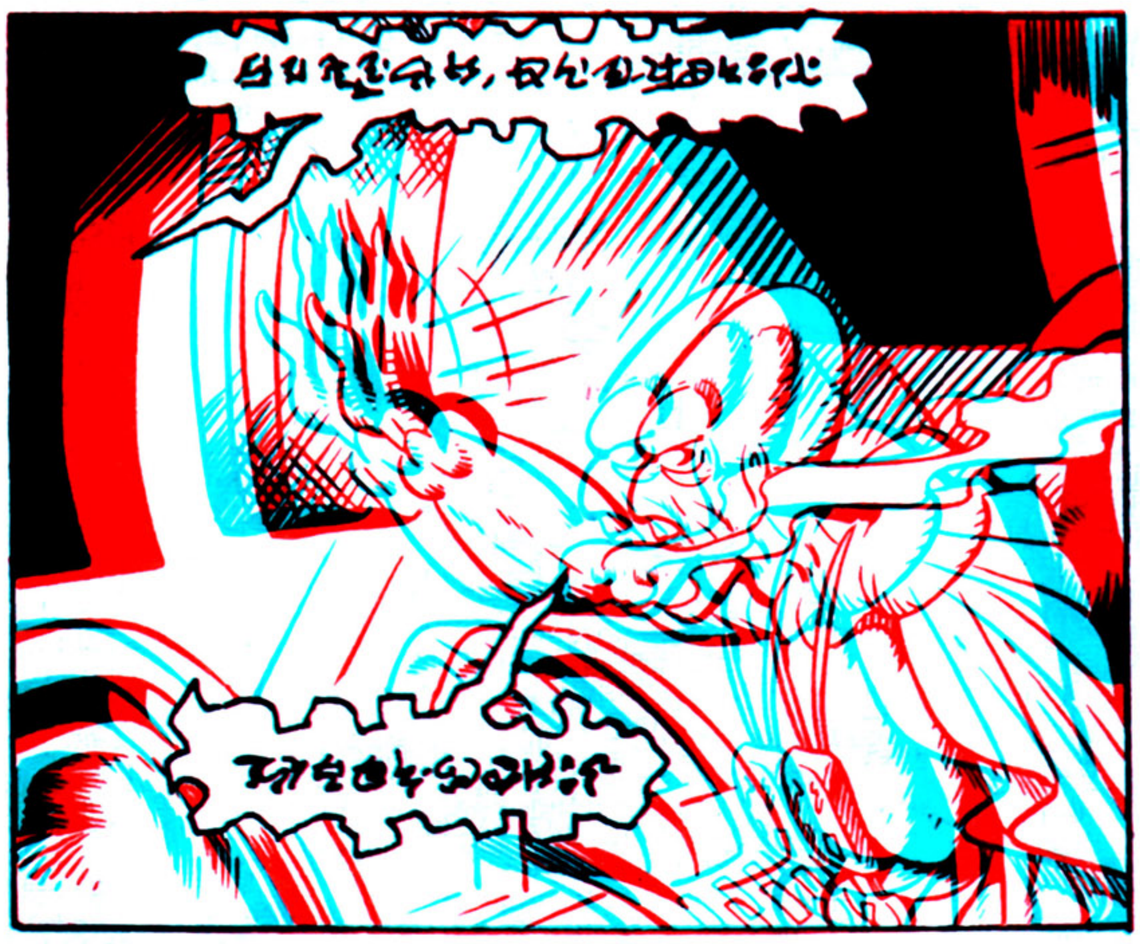
MUST RECHARGE IMMEDIATELY.

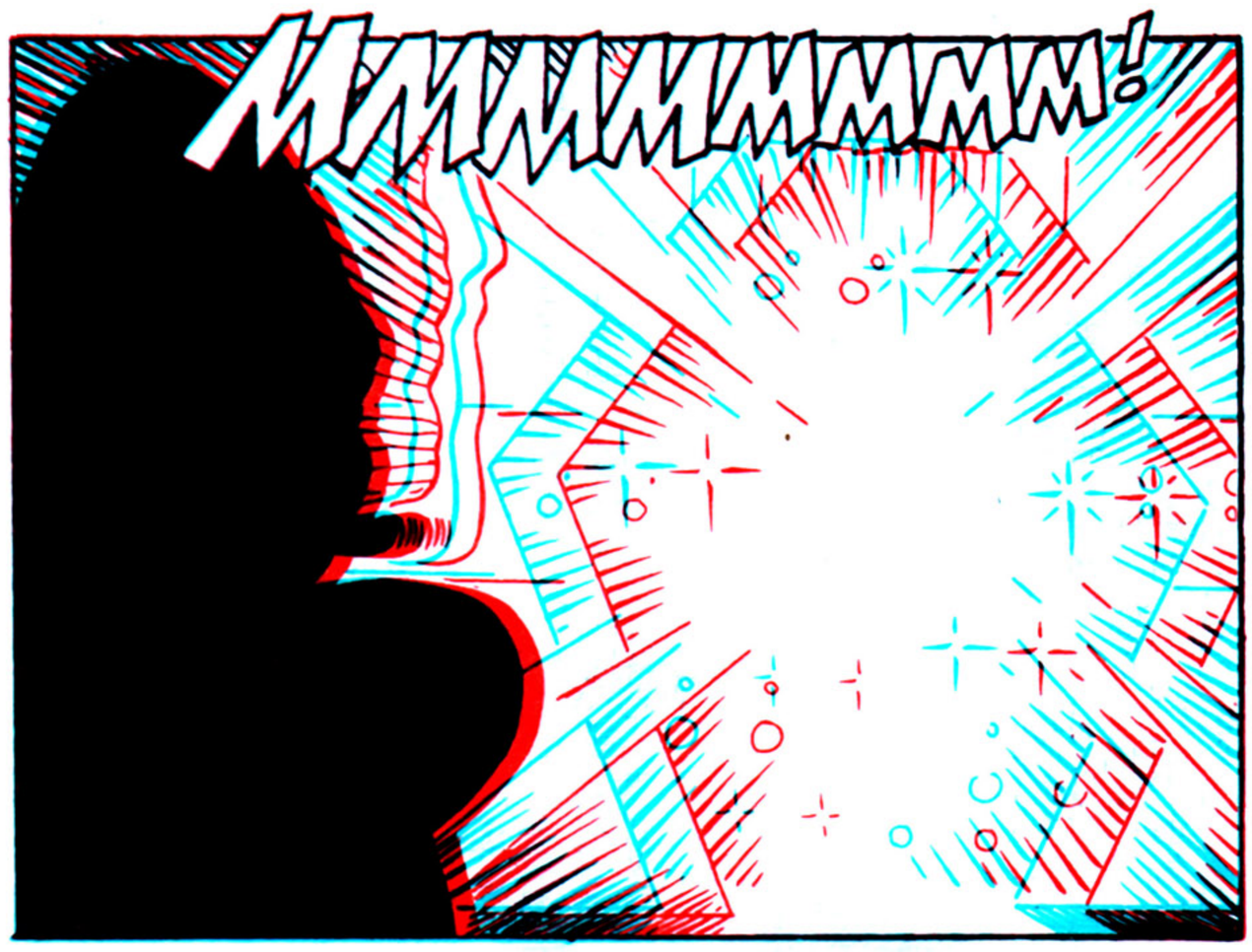
THAT WILL KEEP ME DOWN IN THIS HELL-HOLE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS--

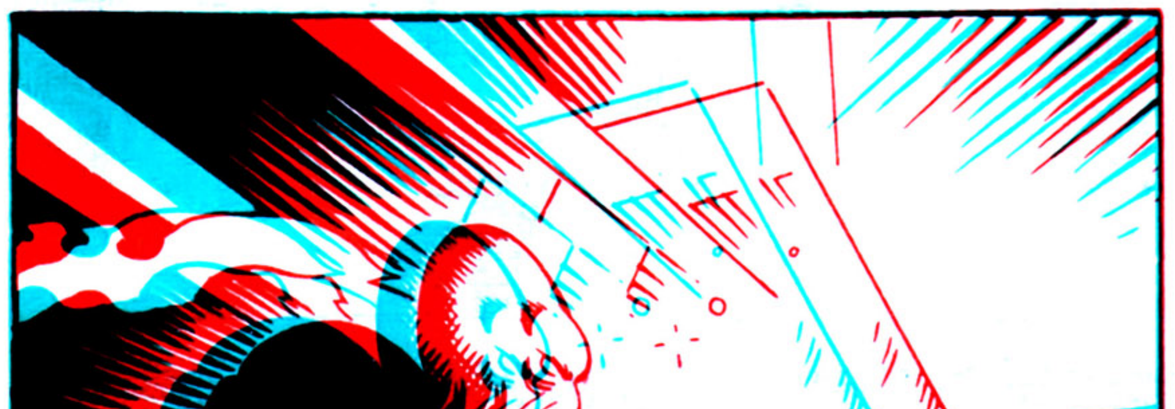
--INSTEAD OF ON THE THRONE AS LEADER OF THIS PITIFUL PLANET.

DO NOT ENTER

SOON.


SOON THE HUMANS OF THIS PLANET WILL BE KISSING MY GLUGLICA!


MMMMMMMMMM!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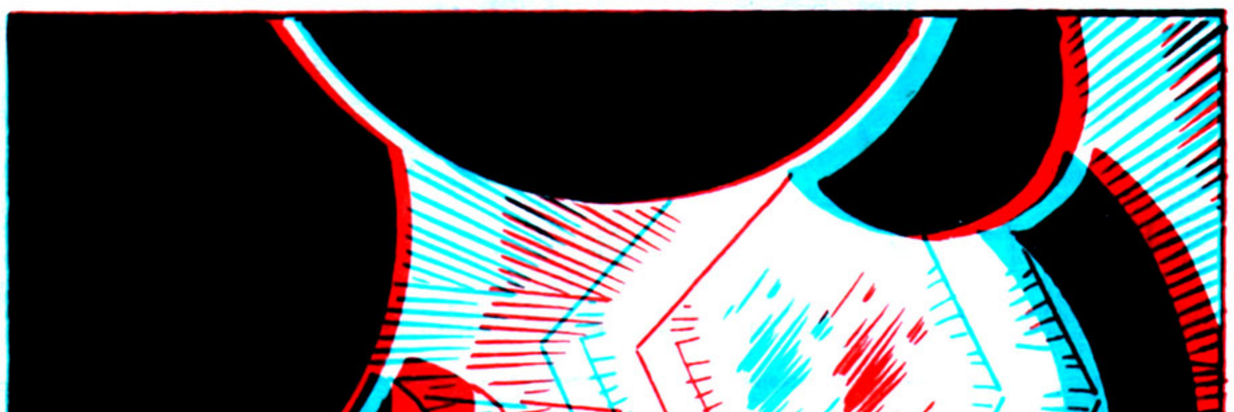

VERY SOON.

...DEATH'S BEEN GOOD TO ME SO FARRRRRR...!
YEAH!!

CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
GO, EDDIE!
THANKS, MY DELICIOUS GUESTS.

OH, EDDIE, YOU'RE THE GREATEST.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING ON AGAIN?

SOON, MY DEAREST. SOON.

WE'LL BE HERE WAITING IN ANTICIPATION.

THANK YOU.

NO, THANK **YOU**, EDDIE.

AAH. THESE TWO BABES SMELL **DELICIOUS**.

MY FANS--THEY JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF ME! A DRINK FOR EVERYONE!

YOU'RE THE BEST, SWEET THING.

I'VE BEEN WITH YOU LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU. WHAT IS IT, EDDIE?

I NEVER COULD KEEP A SECRET FROM YOU, DANA.

IT'S THE NEW BAR ACROSS THE STREET. IT'S BEEN TAKING BUSINESS AWAY BY THE TRUCK-LOAD.

IT'S TIME I PAY A VISIT TO OUR COMPETITION.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL, EDDIE? WE CAN ROB A BANK TO GET MONEY--WE'RE VAMPIRES.

THIS BAR WILL SURVIVE ON ITS OWN. LET'S SAVE OUR NIGHTLY EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES FOR SOMETHING MORE ENJOYABLE THAN ROBBERY.

OH JEEZ. A MEMBER OF THE UN-DEAD WITH A MORAL CODE.

ER... JUST KIDDING, LOVE.

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MORALS. I SHOULD HAVE YOUR MOUTH WASHED OUT WITH SOAP FOR THAT! BUT TONIGHT WE FEAST ON OUR COMPETITION.

A MOST ENJOYABLE WAY TO WIN IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, JANE?

YEAH. I HATE IT WHEN WE DRINK OUR OWN CUSTOMERS' BLOOD-- IT'S ALMOST CANNIBALISTIC.

HMMMM...

HAH! HA! HA! HAH!!

DEAREST EDDIE, I LIKE BITING.

MEANWHILE AT NATALIA'S APARTMENT...

YOU SURE HAVE GREAT TASTE IN FURNITURE, NATALIA--

WHY, THANK YOU, DEREK.

--EXCEPT FOR CHARLEY HERE. SO WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE **YOUR** PLACE?

HUH?

CHARLEY'S HERE SO MUCH 'CAUSE WE WANT TO BE TOGETHER.

YOU BET, BABE.

YOU GUYS ARE NORMAL ENOUGH, BUT ME--I'M A WEIRDO MAGNET.

WE'VE ALL HAD OUR EN-COUNTERS WITH WEIRDOS, BUT I HEAR FEAR IN YOUR VOICE. IS SOMETHING WRONG?

OH, NOTHING REALLY...

COME ON, DEREK. YOU CAN TALK TO US. WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS.

WELL, OKAY. YA SEE, I THOUGHT MY BOSS LENNIE WAS A VAMPIRE. BUT AS IT TURNS OUT, HE'S A SCOUT FOR AN INVASION OF ALIEN MONSTERS. HIS REFLECTION IS NOT OF A HUMAN BUT OF AN ALIEN. WHEN YOU LOOK AT HIM FACE-TO-FACE, THOUGH, HE'S HIS FAT-SLOB SELF.

I THINK HE USES SOME KIND OF HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGER. THEN THERE'RE THESE PRESCRIPTION DRUGS HE TAKES-- WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION LABEL. MUST BE SOME KIND OF ATMOSPHERIC ANTIBODY OR SOMETHING.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU?

DEREK, HOW MANY BEERS IS THAT?

OH, IS THAT IT? DEREK'S DRUNK?!

DEREK, I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST THAT...

I KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING ON FRIGHT NIGHT--

--BUT IT'S ALL OVER. THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT WILL SOON BE UNDER ALIEN RULE. WE'LL ALL BE DESTROYED OR EATEN OR TURNED INTO SLAVES OR SOMETHING.

DEREK, STOP TALKING LIKE THAT.

GOSH, I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM SO UPSET.

YOU'RE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU.

IT'S EITHER IMPOSSIBLE FOR MY BOSS TO BE AN ALIEN, OR IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO STOP THEM FROM TAKING OVER THE WORLD.

WHY? WHY FIGHT WHAT MY EYES HAVE SHOWN ME-- OR HAVE THEY? I REALLY HAVEN'T PUT A HANDLE ON IT YET.

DEREK, YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO BEND WHEN YOU'RE BEATEN ON, STAY QUIET AND LEARN WHEN YOU'RE IGNORANT, BUT NEVER EVER SAY THAT SOMETHING IS IMPOSSIBLE. THAT WAY, YOU'RE READY FOR WHATEVER HAPPENS.

PRETTY POETIC. WHO SAID IT??

NATALIA'S AUNT CLAUDIA. SHE'S KINDA USED TO EXTRA-ORDINARY STUFF. NATALIA PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO VISIT HER IN EUROPE SOMEDAY.

NATALIA'S AUNT, HUH? WHAT WOULD SHE DO IN THIS CASE?

GREAT. LEAVE ALL THE DECISION MAKING TO ME! MEN!

LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT.

OKAY.

YEAH.

I'LL CALL PETER.

NO.

LET'S WAIT TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON FIRST.

SHOULDN'T WE BRING SPECIAL WEAPONS OR SOMETHING? THE ALIENS MIGHT SUCK OUR BRAINS OUT OR USE OUR BODIES AS COCOONS TO FOSTER THEIR YOUNG!

DEREK, YOU READ TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS.

NO WAY. I GET ALL MY SURVIVAL INFO FROM TV.

THE OFFICE OF JOHN SMYTHE, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR...

MY COMMERCIAL IS FINE, YOU EGO MANIAC! I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT THE POLITICAL CRITICS ARE SAYING!

AND YOUR INTERVIEWS WITH THE PRESS -- THEY SAY YOUR FEELINGS ON CERTAIN ISSUES ARE RIDICULOUS -- ALMOST INHUMAN.

WHAT?! THOSE TOADS!

I COULD DO WONDERS FOR THIS PITIFUL RACE.

IT'S NOT FAIR.

I WANT MORE POWER! STUPID HUMANS!

YOU ALRIGHT, BOSS?

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BRAINLESS BABOON.

SORRY, SIR.

BIG FAT JERK!

OHHH, I FEEL FAINT. MUST TAKE ANOTHER CARBON DIOXIDE PELLET.

I THINK I'LL REST DOWNSTAIRS.

BUT WHEN I RETURN--

I'LL MAKE THESE HUMANS PAY DEARLY!

AT THE OUT OF THIS WORLD BAR & GRILL, EDDIE AND THE GIRLS PREPARE TO FEAST ON THE COMPETITION.

FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

FLAP! FLAP!

FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!?!

SO, ARE WE STAYING HERE ALL NIGHT?

I REALLY DON'T THINK HE'LL BE BACK.

HE'LL BE BACK. HE LIVES HERE SOMEWHERE.

THESE BEAMS ARE ICE COLD. MY FEET ARE GOING TO FREEZE RIGHT OFF! CAN'T WE AT LEAST SIT DOWN AT THE BAR?

NAG! NAG! NAG! IF YOU WEREN'T SO SEXY, I'D HAND YOU OVER TO PETER VINCENT!

NOW THAT WASN'T A VERY NICE THING TO SAY, EDDIE! YOU TAKE THAT BACK!

GEEZ, MAYBE I SHOULD HAND **MYSELF** OVER...

SOB SOB

OKAY, OKAY, I'M SORRY. NOW LET'S SIT DOWN.

=SNIFFLE= THANKS, EDDIE.

YOU'RE SUCH A SOFTIE.

HEY! **YOU** TAKE **THAT** BACK!

DIET COKE, PLEASE.

DOUBLE FOR ME.

MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN LINKING THE BAR WITH SMYTHE'S OFFICE...

WHAT A BUMMER. I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO MAKE IT AS **GOVERNOR**--

--LET ALONE **PRESIDENT!**

I WON'T HAVE THE POWER I NEED...

...AND DESIRE.

OH, WELL. I'LL HAVE TO TRY SOME OTHER WAY.

WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN? THIS IS THE ABSOLUTE LONGEST TIME I'VE EVER HAD TO WAIT TO PAY TOLL!

I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU, YOU SLOW **GLUGLICA**! YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS **GALAXY** AGAIN!

YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS JOB!

THEY SHOULD REPLACE YOUR **GLUGLICA** WITH ONE OF THEM THERE **MACHINES**!

YOU'RE A REAL **JERK**, YOU KNOW THAT?!

MY GRANDMOTHER IS **DYING**, AND YOU'RE OFF FOOLING AROUND!

I WORK HERE FOR THE MONEY. I WORK HERE FOR THE MONEY.

THIS PLACE HAS A GREAT STEREO SYSTEM.

SURE DOES. MMMM

≥SNIFF≤

UH OH. I SMELL SOMEONE!

IT'S MILLER TIME!

OH, DO I HATE THAT TOLL-BOOTH JOB! I CAN'T WAIT TO DO SOME WHALIN' ON THAT HUMAN DWEEB DEREK!

EH? WHO'S THERE?

YOUR DINNER GUESTS!

WHA--?!

WHAT SORT OF CREATURES **ARE** YOU?

THIS GUY IS ABNORMALLY STRONG.

WE'RE HUNGRY CREATURES!

AAAARRGGX!

≥PTUUUTH≤ YUK! HIS BLOOD TASTES LIKE **LEMON JUICE**!

WHAT **ARE** YOU?

ARE YOU THE GALAXY POLICE?

THE WHAT?!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT WE ARE!

AARGH!!

IDIOT! YOU BROKE MY HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGER!

HUH?!

YOU'RE AN ALIEN!

NO! REALLY?

THIS ISN'T FAIR!

IT'S HARD ENOUGH FOR US **VAMPIRES** TO MANIPULATE AND FEAST ON HUMAN KIND, BUT COMPETITION FROM **OUTER SPACE** ?!

GEE, I HOPE THEY'RE NOT TAKING OVER THE WORLD.

I'LL ASSUME YOU'RE AN **ILLEGAL ALIEN**. LET'S SEE YOUR **GREEN CARD** BUDDY.

WELL, ER...

OH, NO.

LENNIE DELMORE, YOU HAVE RECEIVED 1,677 PINK SLIPS FROM DISSATISFIED TOLL PAYERS DURING THE PAST SEVERAL CENTURIES. YOU HAVE BEEN REPORTED FOR THE MURDER OF A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGER SALES REP, A TRAVELING WEAPONS EXPERT, AND A PHARMACIST.

ARE YOU GOING TO REPLACE ME WITH ONE OF THOSE MACHINES?

THAT'S IRRELEVANT! YOU ARE TO BE **TERMINATED.**

LENNIE, LENNIE, LENNIE...

1,677 PINK SLIPS? THREE MURDERS ON THE JOB?

TISK TISK TISK

I WAS BORED.

AND SO ENDS YOUR BORING LIFE.

ZAP!

MY APOLOGIES FOR THE INTRUSION AND THE MESS.

WHA-- WHO'S THERE?

WELL, WELL.

OH NO.

IT'S OUR FAN CLUB.

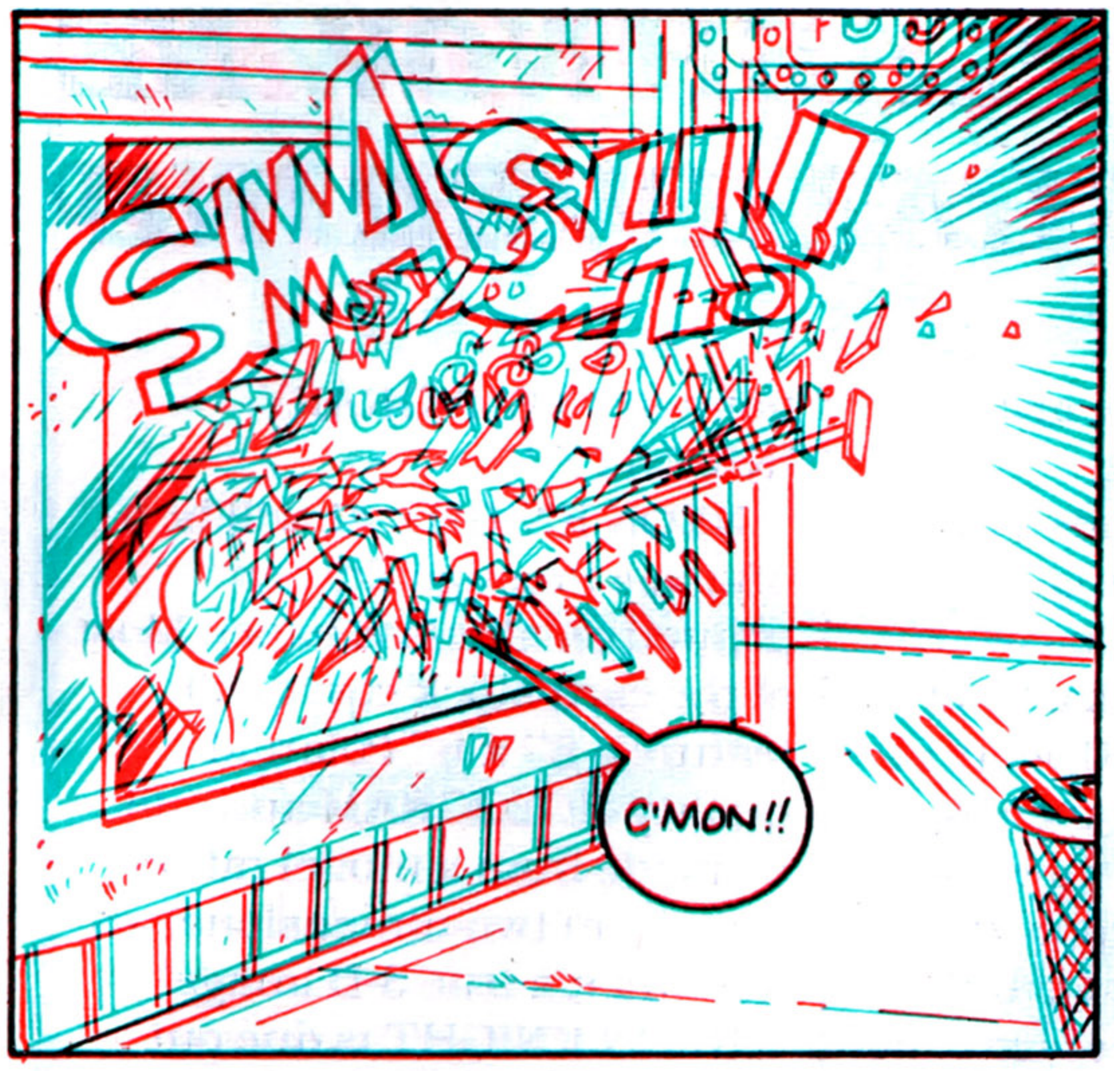
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL FEAST TONIGHT AFTER ALL.

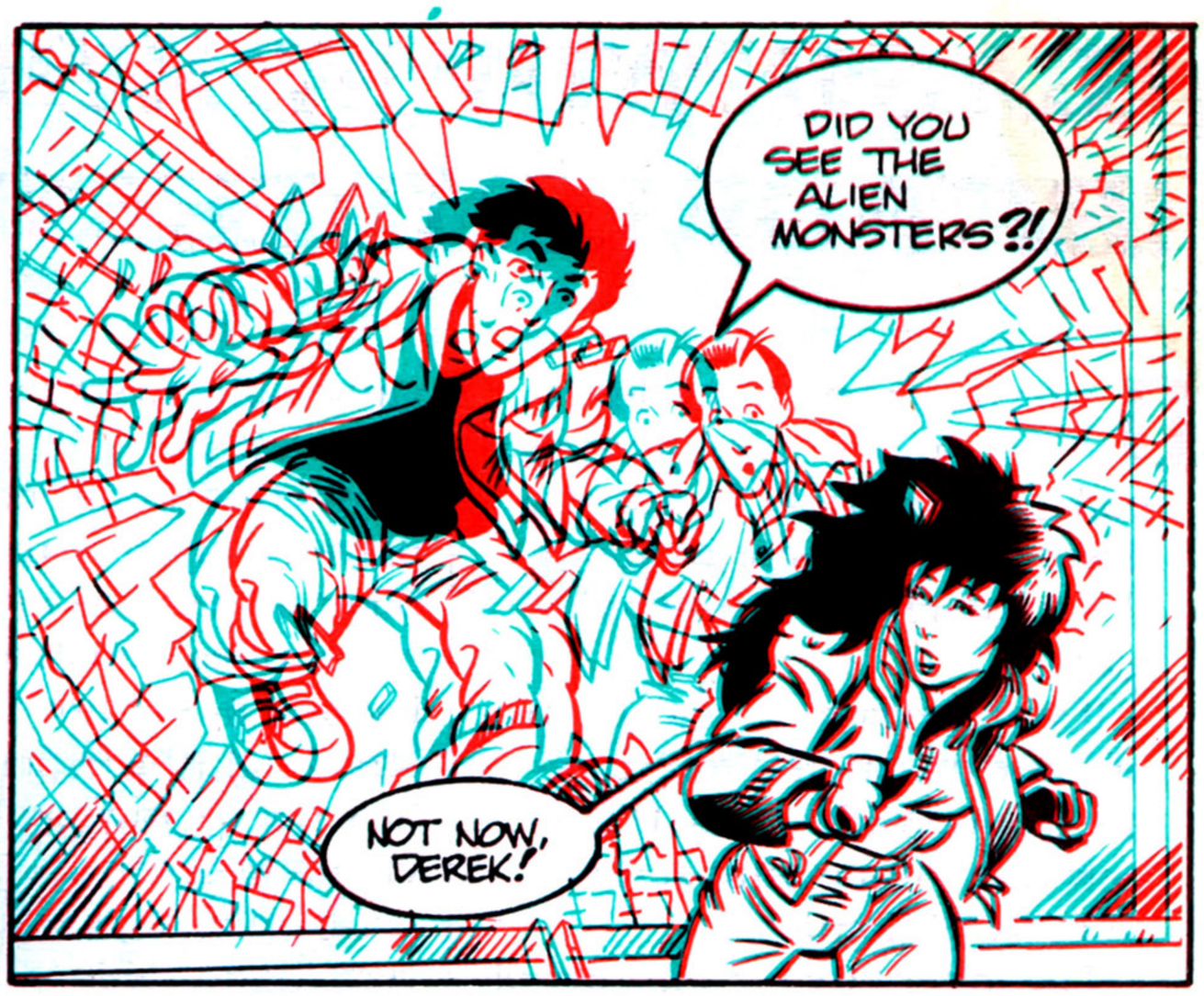
CH-CHARLEY...

I'LL DISTRACT THEM.

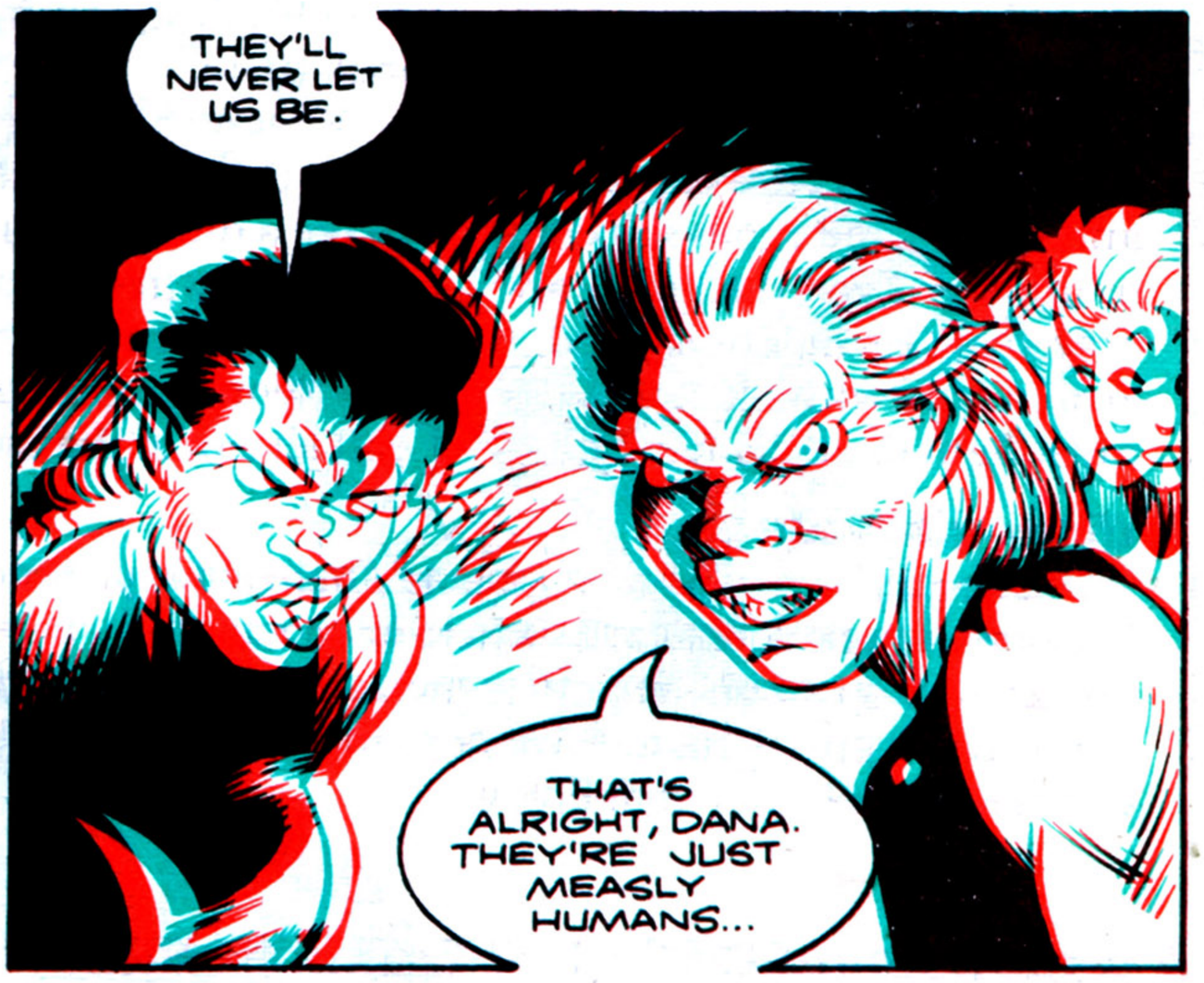
SORRY, CHARLIE.

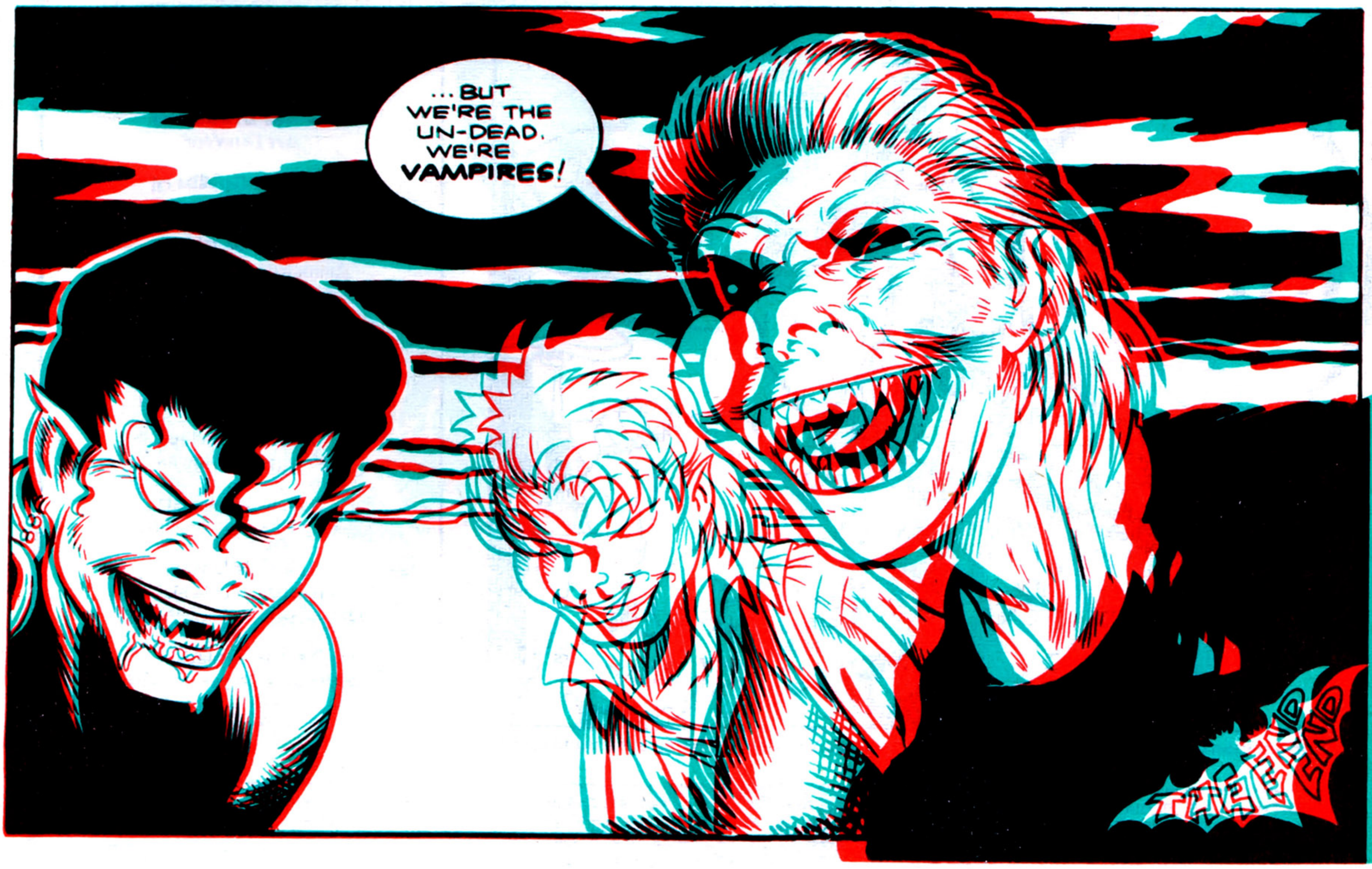
NOW! SMASH THE WINDOW! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!


C'MON!!


DID YOU SEE THE ALIEN MONSTERS?!
NOT NOW, DEREK!

THANK GOD. THE SUN IS RISING!
YOU CAN RUN, BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE!


THEY'LL NEVER LET US BE.
THAT'S ALRIGHT, DANA. THEY'RE JUST MEASLY HUMANS...


...BUT WE'RE THE UN-DEAD. WE'RE VAMPIRES!
THE END

FLASH NOW NEWS! FLASH NOW NEWS! FLASH NOW NEWS! FLASH NOW NEWS! NOW BETTER THAN EVER! NOW BETTER THAN EVER! NOW

Do you like motorcycles? How about "good guys vs. bad guys" stories? Do you dig down-and-dirty stories about the gritty reality of inner-city gangs?

If you answered "yes" to any of these questions, you're going to love NEON KNIGHT, a new three-issue mini-series from NOW Comics.

The inner-city community of East Town is dark and dangerous; violence is a way of life here. Gunshots can be heard constantly, cars are vandalized and stolen, and rapes are commonplace. Even the police are scared of this neighborhood; armed only with .38s, they must fight drug dealers and gang bangers who are armed with uzies.

Into this arena comes a new player, a mysterious night biker who seems to glow with neon, rides a customized Harley, and has almost 20 years of street fighting experience. No, he's not a gang leader; he's a vigilante of sorts, a man who is glamorous, mysterious, and is very high-profile—someone the people of the community can look up to.

What does it take for a man to do this, a lone biker trying to make a difference against seemingly insurmountable odds? As if in answer to this, the Neon Knight has added his call letters to the back of his helmet: "TEMPORARY INSANITY."

NEON KNIGHT #1 will be a 48-page Prestige Edition printed on all-gloss paper. Most of the card-stock cover will feature a 6" x 8" Polaroid-quality HOLOGRAM and will be made from a model rather than from two-dimensional art making it a true 3-D image!

NEON KNIGHT is due out around New Year's, so keep your eyes open for it. . . if you're ready!

Joan M. Weis, Editor

Editor's Note:

Once again, we have a "rejected panel" for your amusement. Letterer Patrick Williams likes to keep me on my toes by adding bizarre little word balloons to some panels, and I thought you might get a kick out of them, too. We print them with the kind permission of The Green Hornet, Inc. Enjoy.

A panel from TALES OF THE GREEN HORNET that *almost* slipped by:

REJECT
I, TOO, WANT TO BE USEFUL... BRITT.
PERHAPS YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO GO SLUMMING WITH YOU.
I THINK YOU CAN DO A LOT BETTER THAN THAT, KATO!
NOT!

Special thanks to The Green Hornet, Inc. and to James Van Hise for being such good sports.

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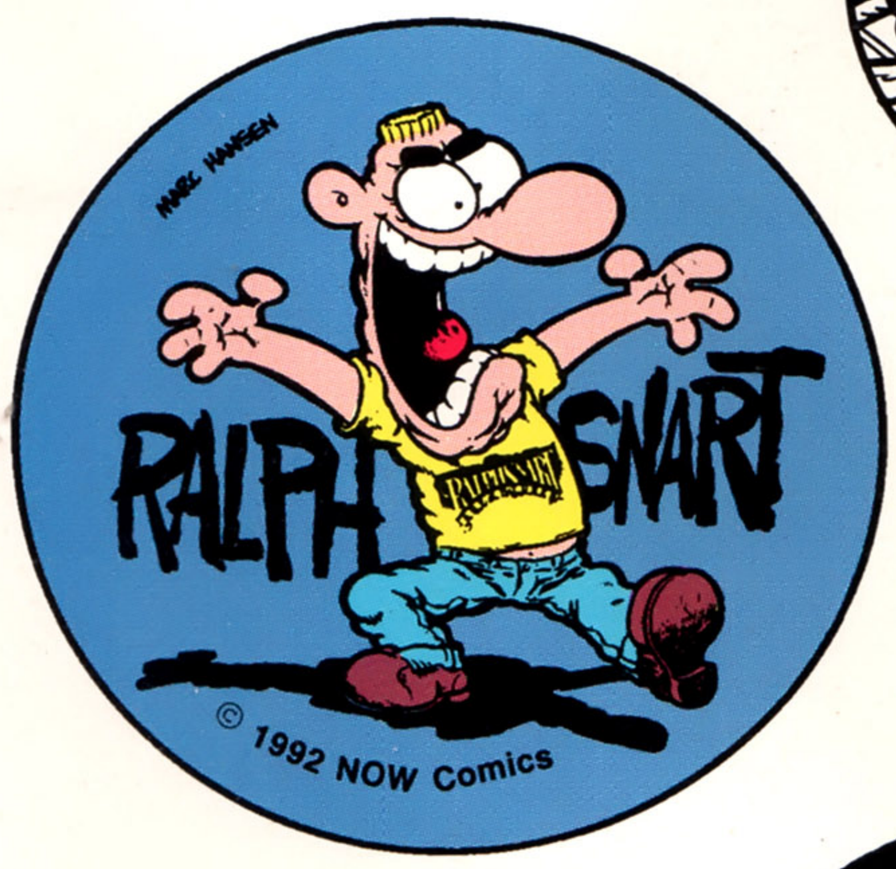

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"The only way to teach 'em is to kill 'em, and I'm gonna teach 'em all."

—GR13,UNISOL

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